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R O S A M O N D.

A N

O P E R A.

Inscribed to her GRACE the
Dutcheſs of MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, ut myrtea circum
Sylva tegit Virg. Æn. 6.

By the late Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

L O N D O N,

Printed for M. DODSLEY in Pall-mall, and D.
COOPER in the Strand. M DCC LXV.





T O T H E
A U T H O R
O F
R O S A M O N D.

———*Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.*

By Mr TICKELL.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong.

From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
 And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
 Thy stile hath match'd what antient Romans knew,
 Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
 That needles seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landschapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
 Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
 What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flow'ry groves; and everlasting greens,
 The babling sounds that mimic Echo plays,
 The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
 Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
 And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
 No farther could imagination roam,
 'Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear;
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
 (In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
 Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
 And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
 We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
 While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes em
 great,
 Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
 Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.

Accept,

Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
 The tribute song an humble subject pays.
 So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
 Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
 Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
 While the charm'd reader with the thought com-
 plies. }
 Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
 And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes. }

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

King Henry.

Sir Trusty, keeper of the bower.

Page.

Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen Elinor.

Rosamond.

Gridiline, wife to Sir Trusty.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE Woodstock-Park.

R O S A M O N D.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

*A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating in the
Bower.*

Enter QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Chrystal floods,
With wild variety surprisè.

* As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echos round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

PAGE.

There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

* Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock-Park.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.——

[Aside.]

PAGE.

There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her Lord's return.

QUEEN.

Death and confusion! I'm too slow——
Show me the happy mansion, show——

[Aside.]

PAGE.

Great Henry there——

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more!——

PAGE.

—— Great Henry there

Will soon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN.

No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her Paradise.

PAGE.

Behold on yonder rising ground

• The bower, that wanders

• In meanders,

• Ever bending,

• Never ending,

• Glades on glades,

• Shades in shades,

• Running an eternal round.

QUEEN.

In such an endless maze I rove,

Lost in labyrinths of love.

My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,

While

While fear and rage
 With hope engage,
 And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.

P A G E.

The path yon verdant field divides,
 Which to the soft confinement guides.

Q U E E N.

Eleonora, think betimes,
 What are thy hated rival's crimes !
 Whether, ah whether dost thou go !
 What has she done to move thee so !
 —Does she not warm with guilty fires
 The faithless Lord of my desires ?
 Have not her fatal arts remov'd
 My Henry from my arms ?

'Tis her crime to be lov'd,

'Tis her crime to have charms,

Let us fly, let us fly,

She shall die, she shall die.

' I feel, I feel my heart relent :
 ' How could the fair be innocent !
 ' To a monarch like mine,
 ' Who would not resign !
 ' One so great and so brave
 ' All hearts must enslave.

P A G E.

Hark, hark ! what sound invades my ear ?
 The conqueror's approach I hear.

' He comes, victorious Henry comes !
 ' Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,
 ' In dreadful concert join'd,
 ' Send from afar
 ' A sound of war,
 ' And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

Q U E E N.

QUEEN.

Henry returns, from danger free!
 Henry returns! — but not to me.
 He comes his Rosamond to greet,
 And lay his laurels at her feet,
 His vows impatient to renew;
 His vows, to Eleonora due.
 Here shall the happy Nymph detain;
 (While of his absence I complain)
 Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
 My lord, my life, my conqueror.

- No, no, 'tis decree I
- The traitress shall bleed;
- No fear shall alarm,
- No pity disarm;
- To my rage shall be seen
- The revenge of a Queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir TRUSTY, Knight of the Bower, *solus.*

- How unhappy is he,
- That is ty'd to a she,
- And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
- For of us pretty fellows
- Our wives are so jealous,
- They ne'er have enough of our duty.

But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
 I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
 Whence rises this convulsive strife?
 I smell a shrew!
 My fears are true,
 I see my wife.

SCENE

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and* Sir TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Faithless varlet, art thou there?

Sir TRUSTY.

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRIDELINE.

Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir TRUSTY.

Why wilt thou call thy turtle so!

GRIDELINE.

Cheat not me with false caresses.

Sir TRUSTY.

Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.

GRIDELINE.

Those to fair Rosamond are due.

Sir TRUSTY.

She is not half so fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir TRUSTY.

I'll still be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,

Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir TRUSTY.

' O Grideline! consult thy glass,

' Behold that sweet bewitching face,

' Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!

' Ev'ry feature

' (Charming creature)

' Will convince you I am true.

GRIDELINE.

' O how blest were Grideline,
 ' Could I call Sir Trusty mine !
 ' Did he not cover amorous wiles
 ' With soft, but ah ! deceiving smiles :
 ' How should I revel in delight,
 ' The spouse of such a peerless Knight !

Sir TRUSTY.

At length the storm begins to cease,
 I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.

'Tis now my turn to tyrannize :

[*Aside.*

I feel, I feel my fury rise!

Tigress, be gone.

GRIDELINE.

—— I love thee so

I cannot go.

Sir TRUSTY.

Fly from my passion, Beldame, fly !

GRIDELINE.

Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why ?

Sir TRUSTY.

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE:

I'm a foolish, fond wife.

Sir TRUSTY.

Let us part,

Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart ?

Will you break my poor heart ?

Sir TRUSTY.

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man !

From whence doth all this passion flow ?

ROSAMOND,

Sir TRUSTY.

- ‘ Thou art ugly and old,
- ‘ And a villanous scold.

GRIDELINE.

- ‘ Thou art a rustick to call me so.
- ‘ I’m not ugly, nor old,
- ‘ Nor a villanous scold,
- ‘ But thou art a rustick to call me so.
- ‘ Thou, traitor, adieu !

Sir TRUSTY.

Farewel, thou shrew !

GRIDELINE.

- ‘ Thou traitor.

Sir TRUSTY.

- ‘ Thou shrew !

BOTH.

- ‘ Adieu ! Adieu !

[Exit Grid.

Sir TRUSTY *solus.*

How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On publick affairs ;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils

Make all our great labours miscarry !

Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond’s bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,

As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry.

But see, the pensive fair draws near :

I’ll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND and Sir TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
 From stream to purling stream convey'd,
 Through all the mazes of the grove,
 Through all the mingling tracks I rove,

Turning,

Burning,

Changing,

Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love,
 Impatient for my Lord's return
 I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

' Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

' To rend my breast,

' And break my rest,

' A thousand thousand ills combine,

' Absence wounds me,

' Fear surrounds me,

' Guilt confounds me,

' Was ever passion cross'd like mine ?

Sir TRUSTY.

What heart of stone

Can hear her moan,

And not in dumps so doleful join!

[*Apart.*]

ROSAMOND.

How does my constant grief deface
 The pleasures of this happy place !
 In vain the spring my senses greets
 In all her colours, all her sweets ;

To me the rose

No longer glows,

Every plant

Has lost his scent :

The vernal blooms of various hue,
 The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
 The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
 Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scenes,
 Winding greens,
 Glooms inviting,
 Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
 Charm my tortur'd soul no more.

' Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:

' Why so slow! great Henry, why!

' From death and alarms

' Fly, fly to my arms,

' Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly!

Sir T R U S T Y.

How much more blest'd would lovers be,

Did all the whining fools agree

To live like Grideline and me!

[*Apart.*]

R O S A M O N D.

O Rosamond, behold too late,

And tremble at thy future fate!

Curse this unhappy, guilty face,

Every charm, and every grace,

That to thy ruin made their way,

And led thine innocence astray:

At home thou seest thy Queen enraged,

Abroad thy absent Lord engaged

In wars, that may our loves disjoin,

And end at once his life and mine.

Sir T R U S T Y.

Such cold complaints besit a Nun:

If she turns honest, I'm undone!

[*Apart.*]

R O.

ROSAMOND.

' Beneath some hoary mountain
 ' I'll lay me down and weep,
 ' Or near some warbling fountain
 ' Bewail myself asleep;
 ' Where feather'd choirs combining
 ' With gentle murm'ring streams,
 ' And winds in consort joining,
 ' Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.

[Ex. *Ref.*]Sir T R U S T Y *solus.*

What savage tiger would not pity
 A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
 But hah! a sound my bower invades,

[*Trumpets flourish.*]

And echo's through the winding shades;
 'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
 A messenger! It must be so.

S C E N E V.

A M E S S E N G E R *and* Sir T R U S T Y.

M E S S E N G E R.

Great Henry comes! with love oppress'd;
 Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
 From purple fields with slaughter spread,
 From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
 From glorious and immortal toils,
 Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
 Great Henry comes! Prepare thy bower
 To lodge the mighty conquerour.

Sir T R U S T Y.

The bower and Lady both are dress'd,
 And ready to receive their guest.

M E S S E N G E R.

Hither the victor flies, (his Queen
 And royal progeny unseen;)

Soon as the British shores he reached,
 Hither his foaming courser stretched :
 And see ! his eager steps prevent
 The message that himself hath sent !

Sir T R U S T Y.

Here will I stand.

With hat in hand,

Obsequiously to meet him,

And must endeavour

At behaviour,

That's suitable to greet him.

S C E N E VI.

Enter King HENRY after a flourish of Trumpets.

K I N G.

Where is my love ! my Rosamond !

Sir T R U S T Y.

First, as in strictest duty bound,

I kiss your royal hand:

K I N G:

Where is my life ! my Rosamond !

Sir T R U S T Y.

Next with submission most profound,

I welcome you to land.

K I N G.

Where is the tender, charming fair !

Sir T R U S T Y.

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,

Methodical in what I say.

K I N G.

Where is my love, O tell me where !

Sir T R U S T Y.

For when we have a Prince's ear,

We should have wit,

To

To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.

K I N G.

These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where !

Sir T R U S T Y.

I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas ! she faints, she dies.

K I N G.

What dost thou say ? I shake with fear.

Sir T R U S T Y.

Nay, good my Liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true ;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

K I N G.

' Was ever Nymph like Rosamond,
' So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
' Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace !
 ' I'm all desire
 ' My heart's on fire,
' And leaps and springs to her embrace.

Sir T R U S T Y.

At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.

What place will you chuse
For first interviews ?

K I N G.

Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The parti-colour'd gay alcove.

ROSAMOND.

Sir TRUSTY.

Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom ;
There's not a spot in a'l the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING.

Mean while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate ;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love sick jealousy appear ;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude ;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.

' Oh the pleasing pleasing anguish

' When we love, and when we languish !

' Whishes rising !

' Thoughts surprising !

' Pleasure courting !

' Charms transporting !

' Fancy viewing

' Joys ensuing !

' O the pleasing, pleasing anguish !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

K I N G and ROSAMOND.

K I N G.

THUS let my weary soul forget
 Restless glory, martial strife,
 Anxious pleasures of the great,
 And gilded cares of life.

R O S A M O N D.

Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
 Fierce impatience, fond desires,
 Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
 And life-consuming fires.

K I N G.

Not the loud British shout that warms
 The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
 Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
 Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd,
 Give half the joys that fill my breast,
 While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

R O S A M O N D.

My Henry is my soul's delight,
 My wish by day, my dream by night,
 'Tis not in language to impart
 The secret meltings of my heart,
 While I my conqueror survey,
 And look my very soul away.

K I N G.

O may the present bliss endure,
 From fortune, time, and death secure!

B O T H

B O T H.

‘ O may the present bliss endure !

K I N G.

My eye cou’d ever gaze, my ear
 Those gentle sounds cou’d ever hear :
 But oh ! with noon-day heats oppress’d,
 My aking temples call for rest !
 In yon cool grotto’s artful night
 Refreshing slumbers I’ll invite,
 Then seek again my absent fair,
 With all the love a heart can bear.

[Exit King.

R O S A M O N D

Sola.

From whence this sad presaging fear,
 This sudden sigh, this falling tear ?
 O’st in my silent dreams by night
 With such a look I’ve seen him fly.
 Wafted by angels to the sky.
 And lost in endless tracks of light ;
 While I, abandon’d and forlorn,
 To dark and dismal desarts born,
 Through lonely wilds have seem’d to stray,
 A long, uncomfortable way.

‘ They’re fantsoms all ; I’ll think no more :

‘ My life has endless joys in store.

‘ Farewel sorrow, farewell fear,

‘ They’re fantsoms all ! my Henry’s here.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

A Postern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE and PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

My stomach swells with secret spite,
 To see my fickle, faithless Knight,
 With upright gesture, goodly mien,
 Face of olive, coat of green,
 That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
 So little his own worth to know,
 On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
 With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
 A child! a chit! that was not born,
 When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
 To venerable Grideline!

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child; or tell me why
 With weeping eyes so oft I spy
 His whiskers curled, and shoe-strings ty'd,
 A new Toledo by his side,
 In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
 With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE.

If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
 The Knight is false, the Nymph subdu'd;

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
 His falshood by a thousand signs:

Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
 And to the foolish Echo talks :
 Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
 But turns and frowns if I am by ;
 Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
 And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

P A G E.

Well may you feel these soft alarms,
 She has a heart——

G R I D E L I N E.

—— And he has charms.

P A G E.

Your fears are too just——

G R I D E L I N E.

—— Too plainly I've prov'd.

B O T H.

' He loves and is lov'd.

G R I D E L I N E.

' O merciless fate !

P A G E.

' Deplorable state !

G R I D E L I N E.

' To die——

P A G E.

—— ' To be slain.

G R I D E L I N E.

' By a barbarous swain,

B O T H.

' That laughs at your pain.

G R I D E L I N E.

How shou'd I act ? canst thou advise ?

P A G E.

Open the gate, if you are wise ;

I, in an unsuspected hour,

May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
 Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
 And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

G R I D E L I N E.

Thou art in truth
 A forward youth
 Of wit and parts above thy age ;
 Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a Page.

P A G E.

I'll do what I can
 To surprize the false man.

G R I D E L I N E.

Of such a faithful spy I've need :
 Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
 Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
 I'll pay thy service with a kiss.

[Exit Page.

G R I D E L I N E *sola.*

' Pr'ythee Cupid no more
 ' Hurl thy darts at threescore,
 ' To thy girls and thy boys
 ' Give thy pains and thy joys,
 ' Let Sir Trusty and me
 ' From thy frolicks be free.

[Ex. Grid.

S C E N E III.

P A G E *sola.*

O the soft delicious view,
 Ever charming, ever new !
 Greens of various shades arise,
 Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes ;
 Paths by meeting paths are cross'd,
 Alleys in winding alleys lost ;

Fountains

* An opening Scene discovers another view of the Bower.

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.

- ‘ A thousand fiery scenes appear,
- ‘ Here a grove, a grotto here,
- ‘ Here a rock, and here a stream,
- ‘ Sweet delusion,
- ‘ Gay confusion,
- ‘ All a vision, all a dream !

S C E N E IV.

Q U E E N and P A G E.

Q U E E N.

At length the bow’ry vaults appear !
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear ;
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.

P A G E.

Behold the brazen gate unbarr’d !
—She’s fixt in thought, I am not heard — [*Apart.*

Q U E E N.

I see, I see my hands embru’d
In purple streams of reeking blood :
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death :
I see my raging dying Lord,
And O, I see myself abhorr’d !

P A G E.

My eyes o’erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia’s Queen lament. [*Aside.*

Q U E E N.

What shall my trembling soul pursue ?

C

PAGE.

Behold, great Queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That bow'r will show

The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

—It is decreed—it shall be so; [After a pause.]

‘ I cannot see my Lord repine

‘ (O that I could call him mine !)

‘ Why have not they most charms to move,

‘ Whose bosoms burn with purest love !

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondness glows,

O jealousy ! thou hell of woes !

[Aside,

That conscious scene of love contains

The fatal cause of all your pains :

In yonder flow'r'y vale she lies,

Where these fair-blossom'd arbours rise.

QUEEN.

Let us haste to destroy

Her guilt and her joy.

‘ Wild and frantick is my grief !

‘ Fury driving,

‘ Mercy striving,

‘ Heaven in pity send relief !

‘ The pangs of love

‘ Ye pow'rs remove,

Or dart your thunder at my head :

‘ Love and despair

‘ What heart can bear !

Ease my soul, or strike me dead !

[Exeunt.]SCENE.

S C E N E V.

The Scene changes to the pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

'Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!

'When our longing eyes discover

'The kind, the dear, approaching lover,

'Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:

I hear the steps of him I love;

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!

———Death to my eyes; what sight is this!

The Queen, th' offended Queen, I see!

———Open, O earth! and swallow me!

S C E N E VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN with a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other.

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:

Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!

Thy crimes to their full period tend,

And soon by This, or This, shall end.

ROSAMOND.

What shall I say, or how reply

To threats of injur'd majesty?

QUEEN.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul,

Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,

Or this right hand performs its part,

And plants a dagger in thy heart.

ROSAMOND.

Can Britain's Queen give such commands,
 Or dip in blood those sacred hands ?
 In her shall such revenge be seen ?
 Far be that from Britain's Queen !

QUEEN.

How black does my design appear !
 Was ever mercy so severe ?

[*Aside.*]

ROSAMOND.

' When tides of youthful blood run high,
 ' And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
 ' Health presuming,
 ' Beauty blooming,
 ' Oh how dreadful 'tis to die !

QUEEN.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
 Life itself should be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could resist great Henry's charms,
 And drive the hero from her arms ?

' Think on the soft, the tender fires,
 ' Melting thoughts and gay desires,
 ' That in your own warm bosom rise,
 ' When languishing with lovesick eyes
 ' That great, that charming man you see :
 ' Think on yourself, and pity me !

QUEEN.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore !

[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*]

Presumptuous woman ! plead no more !

ROSAMOND.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain !
 Behold these tears !

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

—They flow in vain.

ROSAMOND.

Look with compassion on my fate!

O hear my sighs!—

QUEEN.

—They rise too late.

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

ROSAMOND.

Tho' I live wretched, let me live.

In some deep dungeon let me lie,

Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,

Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;

Where shades of everlasting night

May this unhappy face disarm,

And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:

Offended heaven I'll there adore,

Nor see the Sun, nor Henry more.

QUEEN.

• Moving language, shining tears,

• Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,

• Kindling pity, kindling rage,

• At once provoke me, and assuage.

[*Aside.*]

ROSAMOND.

What shall I do to pacify

Your kindled vengeance!

QUEEN.

—Thou shalt die.

[*Offering the dagger.*]

ROSAMOND.

Give me but one short moment's stay.

—O Henry, why so far away?

[*Aside.*]

QUEEN.

Prepare to welter in a flood

Of streaming gore.

[*Offering the dagger.*]

ROSAMOND.

—O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*]

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul! [Aside.]

ROSAMOND.

This prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call! [Falling on her knees.]
' Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,
' The soul that begs to be forgiven:
' If in the latest gasp of breath,
' If in the dreadful pains of death,
' When the cold damp bedews your brow,
' You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue [Offering the dagger.]

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow, [Drinks.]
—Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

QUEEN.

Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.

' Think not, thou author of my woe,
' That Rosamond will leave thee so:
' At dead of night,
' A glaring spright,

- ‘ With hideous screams
- ‘ I’ll haunt thy dreams ;
- ‘ And when the painful night withdraws,
- ‘ My Henry shall revenge my cause.

O whither does my frenzy drive !
 Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
 My veins are froze ; my blood grows chill ;
 The weary springs of life stand still ;
 The sleep of death benumbs all o’er
 My fainting limbs, and I’m no more. [*Falls on the couch.*]

QUEEN.

Hear and observe your Queen’s commands.

[*To her attendants.*]

Beneath those hills a Convent stands,
 Where the fam’d streams of Isis stray ;
 Thither the breathless corpse convey,
 And bid the cloister’d maids with care
 The due solemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the Body.*]
 ‘ When vanquish’d foes beneath us lie,
 ‘ How great it is to bid them die !
 ‘ But how much greater to forgive,
 ‘ And bid a vanquish’d foe to live !

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY in a Fright.

A breathless corps ! what have I seen !
 And follow’d by the jealous Queen !
 It must be she ! my fears are true :
 The bowl of pois’nous juice I view.
 How can the fam’d Sir-Truffy live
 To hear his Master chide and grieve ?
 No ! tho’ I hate such bitter beer,
 Fair Rosamond, I’ll pledge thee here.

[*Drinks.*]
 The

The King this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing :

“ Great Sir,

[Writes,

“ Your Rosamond is dead

“ As I am at this present writing.

• The bower turns round, my brain’s abus’d,

• The labyrinth grows more confus’d,

• The thickets dance——I stretch, I yawn.

• Death has tripp’d up my heels—I’m gone.

[Staggers and falls.

S C E N E VIII.

QUEEN *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o’er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more,
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove ;
Hence grief and hate !
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.

- My Henry shall be mine alone,
- The Hero shall be all my own ;
- Nobler joys possess my heart
- Than crowns and scepters can impart.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

SCENE *a Grotto, HENRY asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels suppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the British Kings in War and in Peace.*

I A N G E L.

BEHOLD th' unhappy Monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care !

2 A N G E L.

In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

I A N G E L.

In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

2 A N G E L.

When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving tauchion I misguide.
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

I A N G E L.

When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

B O T H.

But oh what influence can move
The pangs of grief, and rage of love !

2 A N G E L

I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
'Till Love before Ambition fly.

I A N-

1 A N G E L.

I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
 'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 A N G E L.

' Whatever glorious and renown'd
 ' In British annals can be found ;
 ' Whatever actions shall adorn
 ' Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
 ' In dreadful visions shall succeed ;
 ' On fancy'd fields the Gaul shall bleed,
 ' Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
 ' And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

1 A N G E L.

See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
 And shakes a visionary lance,
 His brain is fill'd with loud alarms ;
 Shouting armies, clashing arms,
 The softer prints of love deface ;
 And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

B O T H.

Glory, glory !
 Glory, glory !

' The field is won !

' Fame revives,

' And love is gone.

1 A N G E L.

To calm thy grief, and and lull thy cares,
 Look up and see

What, after long revolving years,

Thy bower shall be !

When time its beauties shall deface ;

And only with its ruins grace

The future prospect of the place.

Behold the glorious pile ascending ! †

Columns swelling, arches bending,

Domes

† Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim castle.

Bomes in awful pomp arising,
 Art in curious strokes surprising,
 Foes in figur'd fights contending,
 Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 A N G E L.

He sees, he sees the great reward
 For Anna's mighty Chief prepar'd:
 His growing joys no measure keep,
 Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1 A N G E L.

' Let grief and love at once engage.
 ' His heart is proof to all their pain;
 ' Love may plead——

2 A N G E L.

———' And grief may rage———

B O T H.

' But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[*The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.*]

H E N R Y, *starting from the Couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been;
 What joys, what wonders, have I seen;
 The scene yet stands before my eye,
 A thousand glorious deeds that lie
 In deep futurity obscure,
 Fights and triumphs immature,
 Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
 Ripening for mighty years to come,
 Break forth, and to the day display'd,
 My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
 Transported with so bright a scheme,
 My waking life appears a dream.
 ' Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
 ' Wreath of myrtle, beds of flowers,

' Rosy

‘ Rofy brakes,
 ‘ Silver lakes,
 ‘ To love and you
 ‘ A long adieu !

O Rosamond, O rising woe !
 Why do my weeping eyes o’erflow ?
 O Rosamond ! O fair diitrefs’d !
 How shall my heart, with grief oppress’d,
 Its unrelenting purpose tell ;
 And take the long, the last farewell !

‘ Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
 ‘ Thy waving crest, and burnish’d arms,
 ‘ Spread thy gilded banners round,
 ‘ Make thy thundering courser bound,
 ‘ Bid the drum and trumpet join,
 ‘ Warm my soul with rage divine ;
 ‘ All thy pomps around thee call :
 ‘ To conquer love will ask them all.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

*The scene changes to that part of the bower where
 Sir Trusty lies upon the ground, with the bowl and
 dagger on the table.*

Enter Q U E E N.

Every star, and every pow’r,
 Look down on this important hour ;
 Lend your protection and defence
 Every guard of innocence !
 Help me my Henry to assuage,
 To gain his love, or bear his rage.

‘ My-

' Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
 ' Hast thou more of pain or pleasure !
 ' Chill'd with tears,
 ' Kill'd with fears,
 ' Endless torments dwell about thee :
 ' Yet who would live, and live without thee !

But oh the sight my soul alarms ?

My Lord appears, I'm all on fire !

Why am I banish'd from his arms ?

My heart's too full, I must retire.

[Retires to the end of the stage.]

S C E N E III.

K I N G and Q U E E N.

K I N G.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near :

Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,

With secret horror dost thou shake ?

Can dreams such dire impressions make !

What means this solemn, silent show ?

This pomp of death, this scene of woe !

Support me, heav'n ! what's this I read ?

O horror ! Rosamond is dead.

What shall I say, or whether turn ?

With grief, and rage, and love, I burn :

From thought to thought my soul is tost,

And in the whirl of passion lost.

Why did I not in battle fall,

Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul ?

Why did the spear my bosom miss ?

Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this !

{ Dis

' Distracted with woe
 ' I'll rush on the foe
 ' To seek my relief :
 ' The sword or the dart
 ' Shall pierce my sad heart,
 ' And finish my grief !

Q U E E N.

Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
 And give his tortur'd bosom ease.

[*Aside.*

K I N G.

But see ! the cause of all my fears,
 The source of all my grief appears !
 No unexpected guest is here ;
 The fatal bowl
 Inform'd my soul

Eleonora was too near.

Q U E E N.

Why do I here my Lord receive ?

K I N G.

Is this the welcome that you give ?

Q U E E N.

Thus shou'd divided lovers meet ?

B O T H.

' And is it thus, ah ! thus we greet !

Q U E E N.

What in these guilty shades cou'd you,
 Inglorious conqueror, pursue ?

K I N G.

Cruel woman, what cou'd you ?

Q U E E N.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

K I N G.

The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

S C E N E

Q U E E N.

‘ A heart so unrepenting,

K I N G.

‘ A rage so unrelenting,

B O T H.

‘ Will for ever

‘ Love dissever,

‘ Will for ever break our rest

K I N G.

Floods of sorrow will I shed

To mourn the lovely shade !

My Rosamond, alas, is dead,

And where, O where convey'd !

‘ So bright a bloom, so soft an air,

‘ Did ever nymph disclose !

‘ The lily was not half so fair,

‘ Nor half so sweet the rose.

Q U E E N.

How is his heart with anguish torn !

[*Aside.*

My Lord, I cannot see you mourn ;

The living you lament : while I,

To be lamented so, cou'd die,

K I N G.

The living ! speak, oh speak again !

Why will you dally with my pain ?

Q U E E N.

Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,

Wou'd not my former wrongs revive ?

K I N G.

Oh no ; by Visions from above

Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,

I came to take my last adieu.

Q U E E N.

How am I bless'd if this be true ! —————

[*Aside.*

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.

But O! —————

QUEEN.

Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,

And know your Rosamond does live.

' If 'tis joy to wound a lover,

' How much more to give him ease ?

' When his passion we discover,

' Oh how pleasing 'tis to please !

' The blifs returns, and we receive

' Transports greater than we give.

KING.

O quickly relate

This riddle of fate !

My impatience forgive,

Does Rosamond live ?

QUEEN.

The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,

From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,

In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes ;

But soon the waking nymph shall rise,

And, in a convent plac'd, admire

The cloister'd walls and virgin choire :

With them in songs and hymns divine

The beauteous penitent shall join,

And bid the guilty world adieu.

KING.

How am I blest if this be true !

[*Aside.*]

QUEEN.

Atoning for herself and you.

KING.

I ask no more ! secure the fair

In life and blifs : I ask not where :

For ever from my fancy fled
 May the whole world believe her dead,
 That no foul minister of vice
 Again my sinking soul intice
 Its broken passion to renew,
 But let me live and die with you.

Q U E E N.

How does my heart for such a prize
 The vain censorious world despise,
 Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
 For Rosamond shall falsely mourn;
 And with the present times agree,
 To brand my name with cruelty;
 How does my heart for such a prize
 The vain censorious world despise!

But see your slave, while yet I speak,
 From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
 As he the potion shall survive
 Believe your Rosamond alive.

K I N G.

O happy day! O pleasing view!
 My Queen forgives——

Q U E E N.

——My Lord is true.

K I N G.

'No more I'll change,

Q U E E N.

'No more I'll grieve:

B O T H.

'But ever thus united live.

Sir T R U S T Y *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
 Ey'ry thicket, bush and tree,

So like the place from whence I came,
 That one wou'd swear it were the same,
 My former legs too, by their pace !
 And by the whiskers, 'tis my face !
 The self same habit, garb and mein !
 They ne'er wou'd bury me in green:

S C E N E IV.

G R I D E L I N E *and* Sir T R U S T Y.

G R I D E L I N E.

Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
 And took thee in the very bow'r?

S i r T R U S T Y.

Widow Trusty, why so fine?
 Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
 Thou should'st thy husband's death bewail
 In sable vesture, peak and veil.

G R I D E L I N E.

Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
 How our good King and Queen agree.
 Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
 And do as our superiors do?

S i r T R U S T Y.

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
 I know not who, or where I am,
 Or what I hear, or what I see;
 But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
 It suits a person in my station
 T'observe the mode, and be in fashion.
 Then let not Grideline the chaste
 Offended be for what is past,
 And hence anew my vows I plight
 To be a faithful courteous knight.

G R I-

G R I D E L I N E.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
 Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

‘ Since conjugal passion

‘ Is come into fashion,

‘ And marriage so blest on the throne is,

‘ Like a Venus I'll shine,

‘ Be fond and be fine,

‘ And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.

Sir T R U S T Y.

‘ And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The K I N G and Q U E E N advancing.

K I N G.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
 That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
 Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
 ‘Chearful days, and blifsful nights,
 Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
 And pleasure join with innocence:
 Thy raptures last, and are sincere
 From future grief and present fear.

B O T H.

‘ Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove.

‘ That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

F I N I S.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or letter.

